Rich. We will our ſelfe in perſon to this warre,
And for our Coffers, with too great a Court,
And liberall Largeſſe, are growne ſomewhat light,
We are enforc'd to farme our royall Realme,
The revenew whereof ſhall furniſh us
For our affaires in hand: if they come ſhort,
Our ſubſtitutes at home ſhall have Blancke-charters:
Whereto, when they ſhall know what men are rich,
They ſhall ſubſcribe them for large ſummes of Gold,
And ſend them after to ſupply our wants:
For we will make for Ireland preſently.

Enter Buſhy.

Buſhy, what newes?

Bu. Old *Iohn a Gaunt* is very ſicke my Lord,
Sodainely taken, and hath ſent poſt haſte
To entreat your Maieſty to viſite him.

Rich. Where lyes he?

Bu. At Ely-houſe.

Rich. Now put it (heaven) in his Phyſitians mind,
To helpe him to his grave immediately:
The lining of his coffers ſhall make Coates
To decke our Souldiers for theſe Iriſh warres.
Come Gentlemen, let's all go viſit him:
Pray heaven we may make haſte, and come too late, *Exit.*

Actus Secundus, Scæna Prima.

Enter Gaunt ſicke, with the Duke of Yorke.

Gau. Will the King come, that I may breath my laſt
In wholſome counſell to his unſtayd youth?

Yor. Vex not your ſelfe, nor ſtrive not with your breath
For all in vaine comes counſell to his eare.

Gau. Oh but (they ſay) the tongues of dying men
Inforce attention, like deepe harmony;

Where

Where words are ſcarſe, they a
For they breath truth, that breat
He that no more muſt ſay, is lif
Then they whom youth and ea
More are mens ends mark'd, th
The ſetting Sunne, and muſic
As the laſt taſte of ſweetes, is ſ
Writ in remembrance, more the
Though *Richard* my lives coun
My deaths ſad tale, may yet un

Yor. No, it is ſtopt with other
As prayſes of his ſtate: then th
Lacivious Meeters, to whoſe
The open eares of youth doth
Report of faſhions in proud Ita
Whoſe manners ſtill our tardy a
Limpes after in baſe imitation.
Where doth the world thruſt for
So it be new, there's no reſpe
That is not quickly buzz'd into
That all too late comes counſell
Where will doth mutiny with w
Direct not him, whoſe way him
Tis breath thou lackſt, and that

Gaunt. Me thinkes I am a Pro
And thus expiring, doe foretell
His raſh fierce blaze of Ryot ca
For violent fires ſoone burne ou
Small ſhoures laſt long, but ſoda
He tyres betimes, that ſpurs too
With eager feeding food doth
Light vanity, inſaitat cormoran
Conſuming meanes ſoone preye
This royall Throne of Kings, thi
This earth of Majeſty, this ſeat
This other Eden, demy Paradi
This Fortres built by nature for
Againſt infection, and the hand

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